CHAPTER IL.

John Ogden turned his head; the muzzle of a Winchester carbine was within an inch of his neck, and the Sheriff's cruel eyes were behind it. Ogden felt numb and nerveless. In a flash he saw the significance of the words; he was as a bird within striking distance of a rattlesnake.

"Walk out of this," said the Sheriff. Ogden turned to the door, meeting the eager faces of a crowd of people who had heard the shot. The sheriff beckoned to two men

Take him to the casa, boys, and stay

The promptness of action and lack of official ceremony in Western trials by jury is one of the features of frontier life. At eight o'clock in the morning John Ogden had been a free manby noon he was on trial for his life The court-house was the largest room in the hotel, a convenient spot, for the judge was the hotel proprietor. John's trial lasted exactly two hours. Sheriff Lassiter, "our worthy officer of law," as Judge Sanderbach explained to the eastern visitors assembled to enjoy the ecremony, gave his evidence with a dignity and self-restraint that was much admired. He stated briefly, how when passing the post-office, he had heard the sounds of a struggle inside followed by a revolver shot, and enterdying condition, the prisoner standing over him, pistol in hand.

Long before this Ogden had re-covered himself.

"It is a lie," he blurted out, in response to a bland and courteous question from the judge, "a foul lie from beginning to end."

"Do you say so, now?" echoed the Sheriff's attorney, the only lawyer in town. "That, I reckon, will be most interesting news to the jury. Please tell why?"

The cowboy gave his account of the incident, and then the lawyer passed a very pleasant and profitable half-

servant, and general help at the post office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had ridden off to his brother and told him all. José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated,

and the danger to his brother if they had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy. Clincher paced up and downtheroom his face growing darker every moment and little Maximo when he was brought

in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle firm-ness he concealed nothing. At the end the st.rekeeper fell into deep thought, the Mexicans eagerly watching his face.
"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned

cowbov? "Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money, Yes, me: Senor Don José Harlo Gallegos. All the money that lies with ing had discovered the deceased in a you I will spend to save his life—every dollar.

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned What's he to you, boy?"
"My friend," and the dark eyes flash

ed. "Senor, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a

"TEN RIFLES WERE SWUNG TO SHOULDER."

hour in cross-examination, during quietly. "We'll share the expense, meb-which Ogden's previous assault upon the Sheriff was introduced into the you must take to Jonathan Hame, case in a manner which completely who's Ogden's boss, and told me once ruined any chance of acquittal he Ogden would beat the band for honesty might otherwise have had. Ultimately and grit. Vamos, now." a verdict of "Guilty of murder" was given by the jury and sentence of death by hanging solemnly passed by the just as he was off for a holiday in the sunrise the next morning. The prisoner Clincher's store. was the richest man in the country;

wonder-well, well," shaking himself, now." what does it matter to me? Hello, José Gallegos-

A hand had been laid on his arm; and a brown face, now a sickly yellow with anxiety, was eagerly peering into

"Oh, Senor Edwardo, me want to speak you bad. Ah, caramba! very, very

The boy was mad with excitement and Ed, a kindly man with Mexicans and especially with this one, soothed him like a child.

in Spanish. "What's to do? Wait, now: don't try firing off like a pistol at half- his cheeks unchecked. She had been cock. Come into the store and talk."

José yielded with a grimance, follow-Clincher and his wife, who listened later attempts at control, yet he had with her husband, to exclamations of loved her passionately, and for her herror and indignation. It appeared sake had resisted many a grim temptathat José's younger brother, Maximo, a tion. lad of thirteen, had been cook, house. "I will write," he said aloud, "Re

judge, the execution to take place at Eastern States. By sundown he was in

was then marched back to his cell—an empty shanty—the court adjourned for lunch, and those who had witnessed guests, and it was a pleasant, sociable the trial went quietly home. Only one supper, for all the men were neighbors person felt at all uneasy. This was a and friends. At the head of the table Mr. Edward Clincher, the store-keeper sat Clincher, the host, quietand serene; and oldest resident in the town. The on his right, Jonathan Hame, the largmost shabbily dressed and insignificant est owner of cattle in the country, a of men in appearance, "Ed" Clincher triffe absent in manner, but as undisturbed as his friend; opposite was a and his dollars had been accumulated slim, hard-featured man, Collett, the by twenty years' hard work, endurance sheep king; and on his right Dan of much hardship, and constant danger Bacon, most successful breeder of to life and limb.

Bacon, most successful breeder of horses in New Mexico, and so the list "A queer bit there," he muttered to went on. After the supper, Clincher himself as he stepped out of the hotel rose quietly from his chair, and locked blinking in the bright sunlight. "Burt the door, "Friends," he said, returning is paying off scores for that pounding. to the table, "we must talk business

All this time Ogden was locked in the Casa awaiting his fate. With his coat rolled up for a pillow, he lay on his back gazing up through the grating at the sky. Hope was all gone -nothing left but dreary, bitter despair. Thus thrown back upon his thoughts, his mind flew away from his present surroundings, over land and sea, five thousand miles, back to the smoky Lancashire town where he was born, and where all he loved in the world were now living. His father, There—there, little fool," he said his brothers, his mother—here he choked, and hot tears streamed down a very foolish mother. John had been her first-born, and she had petted him ing Mr. Clincher to a capacious log spellt him, cuddled him. He had reand adobe building, and once inside, he paid her as a willful young dare-devil poured forth in the most voluble of will, by trampling upon her with care-spanish, a story that moved both Mr.

one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was

walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound-horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence fol-lowed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then-"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall

figure stood in the doorway, beckoning. "Old man-Hame." John gasped. "That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture -cowboys, bronco busters, and sheep berders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of en-emies—now for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a com-"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed.

Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw." . They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken

Judge Sauderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-freed visiters. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. Sheriff of this town, Judge."
. The Judge smiled, "He is not here my friend."

'We search your house room room. Boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I need'nt say, keep your guns handy." He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a

terror from the ladies on the stairs. "Stay, sir," the Judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now.

He stepped inside a room near the or, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shricked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed

Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right,

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his

"You are on trial," the storekeeper and having most stake in it.

"You have this day accused an inno cent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemed to death. 'Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath-Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. flabby face was yellow and his fin-gers twitched, but he held his head ca were able to consume. She records high and smiled in Clincher's face. "John Ogden, the man I arrested

Clincher turned his head, and made sign to a man near the door. "Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"
"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shorthad any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not-

Clincher, held up his hand.
"Drop that," he said sternly, "Give him the bullet." A small conical pellet of lead was

shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptously. "It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said ery quietly. "Ogden, by your evivery quietly. dence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed. "Answer me again—" Clincher.

There was a low gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's "Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For

God's sake have mercy, and I will—"
"Stop-" Clincher's eyes flashed fire,
and cast away hands that had clutched

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Cal-houn. in the Territory of New Mexico.

Prozen soup, in small leather sacks, is carried by travellers in Eastern Frozen soup, in small leather sacks, is carried by travellers in Eastern
Siberia. Frozen milk is also carried in ter of Sikandar, succeeded in 1868 and the same way.

A pound of phosphorus will head 1,000,000 matches.

Chrysanthemums were grown in China before the eleventh centuary. The Mexican lap dog is the smallest

member of the dog family. The hour was divided into sixty minutes because no other small number has as many divisions as sixty. It can be evenly divided by 2, 2, 4, 10, 15, 20 and 30,

FIRST WOMAN BAILIFF.

Portlandt, Oregon has Appointed Mrs. M. E. Daggett

The first woman bailiff ever appointed in Portland, Oregon, was recently sworn into office. She is Mrs. M. E. Daggett, who for the past three months has been engaged as a volunteer officer n the Portland Juvenile Courts



MPS. M. E. DACGETT.

The entire life of Mrs. Daggett has been devoted to charity. She is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman and was born in Kentucky. When a young girl she went to Kansas with her parents and was in that state in sling forward, raising a shrick of the days when it was known as "Bleed, ing Kansas" Mrs. Daggett began her charitable work when quite young and frequently came to grief.

> WOMEN RULERS OF INDIA. Three Begums of Bhopai Who Have Been at Head of a Large Native State.

Among the interesting personage whom the Prince and Princess of Wales have met in the course of their tour through India, none presents a more engrossing study than the woman ruler of the State of Bhopal, Nawab Sultan Jehan, Begum, if the London accounts may be regarded as authentic. The Begum is a daughter and a granddaughter of a Begum, and between them there there are the sultangual to the sultang tween them these three women have ruled, for the past sixty years, the by a uniformed messenger who handed destinies of a state comprising nearly Scartevant a telegram. It was from his 7,000 square miles of territory and a chief, demanding his instant attend-population of a million people, ance at the office, "Too bad," said Sturtevant, rising

dynasty. She succeeded to the throne gone any more than an hour or two. In 1868, in which year she sent to You take my key and wait for me in Queen Victoria a quaint letter acknowledging her majesty's kindne in accepting the dedication of a book continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, pilgrimage to Mecca.

The book in question is a picturesque record of an oriental journey, containing an appreciation of the characteristics of that place as seen and understood by an Indian lady. Begum seems to have been particularly struck by the enormous quantities ca were able to consume. She records that they were in the habit of disposing of five or six pounds weight per hand per day.

They appeared to thrive on it, how-ever, for the Begum vouches for the fact that the average man was so abnormally strong that he thought nothing of carrying a weight of 900 pounds from the street to the top of a house. The Begum apparently took a great interest in building operations in Mec-ca, for she includes in her book a list y, to the point. When asked if he of building materials, with their cost.

Loyal to England. The loyalty to the British Government, to which the present Begum's mother referred in her letter to Queen Victoria, was strikingly exhibited by the famous Sikandar who ruled during the mutiny.

At the height of the insurrection a deputation from her army gathered outside the palace and expressed a wish that the Begum would put herself at the head of her men and lead them on to Delhi to exterminate the infidel British. The Begum promised to do so, but during the night she, with a few faithful adherents, caused the whole army, consisting of about three thousand men all told, to be dis armed and their weapons hidden. The following day she offered to lead them unarmed to Delhi, but the army thought better of it. This plucky act probably had a great influence on the trend of events, and it undoubtedly saved the British residents at a neighboring town from massacre.

Bhopal has always been one of the most friendly of the Indian States. So far back as 1778, when Gen. Goddard marched across India, Bhopal was the only Indian power which showed it-self friendly. In 1818 the British Government formed an alliance with Bhopal, guaranteeing to the Nawab the possession of the State.

proved a most worthy follower of her mother. She threw aside the restrictions of the "purdah," which impose the strictest seclusion upon Indian women, and was always accessible conducting business on her own initiative with the greatest vigor. M. Louis

Rousselet, a French explorer, thus de-

scribes a meeting he had with her

many years ago. "I had an appointment with Her Highness," he wrote, "and so I called at the palace, which is full of European treasures and luxuries. In the noom into which I was ushered sat a little girl whom I took to be the daughter of one of the court nobles, and was

on the point of addressing her, when she rose and with a very stately inshe rose and with a very stately in-clination of her head said: 'I am the Shah Jehan, at the same time extending a tiny hand covered with jewels. When I had somewhat recovered from my confusion I noticed that, although of diminutive stature, she had a very handsome, intellectual face. She wore close fitting pantaloons of gold brocade, embroidered jacket and a muslin toque."

The present Begum still keeps up the restriction of the "purdah." When she was presented to the Prince of Wales at Indore, she was crowned with gold, her face veiled behind a burka of light blue and her figure draped in

blue of a deeper shade. The reign of women in Bhopal is likely to cease with the death of the present Begum, for she has two sons and a daughter, and the heir-apparent is the oldest son:

THE MAGIC STORY.

(Continued from Page a.)

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you, and 'stand for' you just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, is'nt Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if

"Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came here one night, about a month ago ,and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place on Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant—near Twenty-third street. Come and see me."

Again the Wonderful Story. I started to walk homeward, finger ing the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down town in the morning. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant, but it was not recorded. Then I remembered the cafe in University place, and, although the hour was late, it occured to me that he might be

He was. In a far corner of the room surrounded by a group of acquaint-ances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant and motioned to me to join them. There was no chance for the story, however. Half a dozen men were around the table and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked one of the party; "you should have come a little sooner. Sturtevant has been telling us a story, it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that again, for the bene-fit of Mr. Currier?"

We were interrupted at that instant

population of a million people, ance at the office.

The mother of the present ruler descended from the famous Dost Mohammad Khan, the founder of the Bhopal I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be window you will find an old scrap-book, bound in rawhide. Read that and wait for me until I return."

Reading the Story at Last. With that he went out, and I lost no time in taking advantage of the permission he had given me.

I found the book without difficulty. It was a quaint, homemade affair. found the story curiously printed. It was quaint and strange.

In reproducing the contents of the book the peculiarities of type, spelling, etc., are eliminated, but in other respects it remains unchanged. We know that you want to read Part

Two of this unique story which contains the wonderful manuscript discovered by Sturtevant, The complete story, bound in silk cloth, with fine vignette illustration as front piece, eautifully printed on a fine quality of paper, will be sent to you absolutely ree, postage prepaid, if you will send one dollar for a year's subscription to Success Magazine, or, if you are al-ready a subscriber, your subscription will be extended one year. Address The Success Company, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

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